

AUTO TRIP NEARLY LANDED HIM IN JAIL

MRS LINDELL'S BROOD

THE STORY OF A LOST FORTUNE

BY IVAN WHIN.

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"A SAPPHIRE PRINCESS," "THE GIRL WITH GREY EYES,"
"THE SHADOW CLUE," ETC.

COMPLETE IN SEVEN CHAPTERS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The brood was made by a King Louis of France and presented by him to a Madame Lindell. It was brought to this country by a Madame Lindell, nee Revier, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and descended thereafter to the wife of the successful head of the family. In 1805 it was mysteriously lost and as mysteriously recovered. In 1807 it disappeared from the front of Mrs. Francois Lindell's gown. Francois Lindell had received the jewel from his maiden aunt, who received it from her mother, who had refused to bestow it upon Francois' mother for reasons considered scandalous. He was very proud of it, and knew that it was worth \$100,000 at the least valuation. When it disappeared he became estranged from his wife, who, after four years' absence, returned to take up pleasant work in St. Louis. She meets Denise Armstrong at a self-culture club and becomes interested in her. Denise works in the house-furnishing store of Louis Hammerschlag. Al Weing, a fellow employee, calls on her. Her father objects and Weing continues to call. Armstrong returns home unexpectedly and finds Weing there. Enraged at his daughter's disobedience, he orders her from the house. Armstrong kills his wife during a quarrel resulting from drink and is himself so injured about the head in a fight with a policeman that he dies in an insane asylum. Denise has an exact duplicate of Mrs. Lindell's brooch left her by her grandfather Revier, only the stones are paste. After her mother's death she finds letters which show that the duplicate was once owned by the first Madame Lindell in America and was given to her sister Marie, that the Reviers, who were Denise's mother's people, loaned a great deal of money to the Lindells, which was never repaid.

Weing marries her friend, Emma Schultz, and Denise returns to the cottage she formerly called home, where Mrs. Lang keeps house for her and Paula White is her companion. Francois Lindell falls in love with his wife and to propitiate her buys her favorite. Denise purchases a half interest in the Hammerschlag store.

CHAPTER VI.

The New Bookkeeper.

HAMMERSCHLAG had always a weakness for schnapps. In the days when strict attention to business was absolutely essential to the continuance of that business he had denied himself heretofore. Then his doctor's warnings that indulgence in schnapps by so fat a man as he would cost him his life deterred him. As the business grew, almost without exertion on his part, he grew less careful, and especially after the admission of Denise to full partnership did he indulge the old desire.

Weing had been unconsciously put out by the announcement that she had bought a half interest. He had never heard of such a thing and what were we coming to anyhow when women become the bosses. He seemed to think that the whole question of women's rights was involved and that he was called upon to do battle for the rights of man.

Thus she found that she had gained more trouble than she bargained for. With Louis incapacitated frequently and Weing sulking, she had the management of the entire establishment on her hands and that, too, during a period of construction and expansion.

She tried hard to win Weing over to a better view of her position and enlist his hearty co-operation, but beyond attending

with mechanical strictness to the duties that had been his for years he would not aid her. In his capacity as manager of the credit and cash he was also in charge of the books and the cash. When on the suggestion of Lindell's expert accountant, she outlined changes she wished made in the bookkeeping system Weing indignantly refused to further supervise the books that did not pertain to his department. When she asked him to keep the store and his department open Monday evening for the benefit of a large number of factory employees whose pay-day had been changed to Monday, he peremptorily resigned.

She sighed with mingled relief and pain when she saw him march stiffly out of the store. He had been a good, kind friend, and his wife was a friend of gold. They were lost to her now, Denise knew, and never again could they get back on the old ground. Yet she would never have had the strength to discharge him, and had he remained he would have been a stumbling block. For Weing had grown so settled in his convictions that no novelty was good to him, no change possible.

She was alone that week, as on pretense of hunting Hammerschlag, who could not shoot a barn door, had gone away to indulge his appetite in peace. She was, therefore, under the necessity of acting independently in filling Weing's place. She remembered an alert young man who had applied to Louis for a position. She had liked his looks and had asked Louis why he had not employed him.

"He's only an office man," said Louis. "He can't sell goods and Weing's all the office man I need."

He was tall, thin and blond and she remembered, an engraved card. She hunted through Louis' papers for it and sure enough it was there. "Alfred Bryden," she read. "I'm going to trust my intuition and send for him."

Bryden was employed in a railroad freight office in a very subordinate capacity. He had ambition which was being smothered there. He wanted to get into a mercantile house and had spent his noon hours making application to all that day within the territory to which he could walk and return during the lunch time. All of his applications had been unsuccessful and he was in despair of ever getting out of the rut into which he had fallen when Louis Hammerschlag & Co. summoned him to an interview.

He was tall, thin and blond and so gentle in manner that he seemed effeminate until one noticed the power of his shoulders and the strength of his broad, white hands. He made an art of keeping books, was full as a promoter of schemes and all his applications had been successful and he was in despair of ever getting out of the rut into which he had fallen when Louis Hammerschlag & Co. summoned him to an interview.

He was glad to take the employment that Denise offered supervising two girls and three lads in the office and his references proving satisfactory, she put him to work immediately. She watched his progress with some trepidation, but he grasped the detail with phenomenal quickness and Lindell's accountant, who was asked to

overlook his work, said it was eminently satisfactory.

When Louis came back from his hunt, somewhat fatigued and somewhat dispirited, he found Bryden fully installed. Louis opened his eyes at the change and grew very grave over Weing's departure. It sobered him like a douche of cold water. For a month he could hardly tempt him away from the store, and anyone who wandered in "just to look" had hard work getting away without buying goods if Louis saw them.

Denise believed that the incident had effected a lasting change, but Louis realized that his work was old-fashioned, that on every hand ideas were being introduced by Denise that wrought business, that young Bryden was a better man than Weing, and that he himself needed his strenuous, watchful care. So gradually he slipped into the habit of spending a large portion of his time in a leather-cushioned cabinet back of his favorite saloon.

Then Denise got the head of the only considerable rival's sales force and put him in charge of her department and took a desk in the office.

When Bryden went to work for Louis Hammerschlag & Co. he wrote to his mother: "The junior partner is a pretty girl about 21 years old. She is neither short nor tall, fat nor thin, has dark hair, dark eyes and long lashes. She does not know that she is pretty or care. She takes nothing for granted, but must be shown. In a word, she is a real beauty."

He was conscious of the same feeling of embarrassment for many weeks after he entered her employment, but would have been greatly pleased had he known the truth: that he did not show it. She thought he was as cool and business-like as herself and was glad that he was.

One day soon after she had taken the desk in the office he laid upon it a rose, a long-stemmed gorgeous beauty.

"Very pretty," she said. "Are we giving away souvenirs today?"

"No," he said as coolly, though he felt flushed from love to hair, "but you can buy just such roses by the dozen for 60 cents and the women would like them."

"Good idea. We'll give one to every customer and installment payor Saturday and Monday."

And it was done. After that Bryden, if tempted by florists' windows did not yield as far as to buy red roses to adorn his mother's parlour. He also limited his thoughts of her in so far as to her connection with business details.

Paula White came to the store occasionally to walk home with Denise one night, a stormy Saturday night, he summoned a carriage for them. When it came he was chatting gaily with Paula and Denise said:

"Come with us, Mr. Bryden, and the carriage shall take you home."

He accepted simply and was astonished to find how entertaining Denise could be, for as soon as the carriage door closed on them she looked toward him and said:

"All stores' restraint forgotten. He felt that he had never met her before and half expected to be asked into the little cottage when they reached it, but the girls bade him good-night and sent him on into the storm."

Monday morning he found Denise a trifle more of the business woman than ever and he stiffened in imitation of her reserve. He did not know that Paula had heard nothing but his virtues and excellencies until she had chaffingly asked: "When is the wedding?" and so put a cork in that especial topic.

He had excellencies. His field constantly needed expansion and he had the daring of an expansionist. Before he joined Hammerschlag's he had never sold a thing. He developed a real talent for selling. The office he had reduced to a system that only needed supervision. The time-payment accounts which had worried Weing were handled by a young woman and another young woman was cashier.

Whenever he went up town he brought back an idea either seen or suggested by what he had seen. He took a lot of photographs of pretty rooms Denise had furnished and called with these upon people who were building new homes. He was known to be contemplating changes. In this way he gained a great deal of business.

"You are growing very valuable, Mr. Bryden," Denise said one day when he had secured a very handsome order. "Look out," he answered, "lightly. I might strike for higher wages."

She did not smile at his jest, but answered gravely: "I started you at \$10 a month and put you in the place of Mr. Weing, who had been with the house a great many years. He was paid \$15 a month, and that will be your salary after the first. You'll not have to strike so long as you are in my employ for your just dues."

He was abashed and wished that he might in good conscience decline to take the money. He wanted to do something assertive, something that would wake up this business machine and make a woman of her. He sympathized with Weing's attitude toward Denise's admission to the firm.

Louis displayed an unwelcome interest in the business a few weeks later. His temper was not so sweet as of yore. His wife had grown shrewish because of his constant drinking and home was not a pleasant place. The favorite saloon had changed proprietors and he was no longer as comfortable there as formerly. He had dined for a medal and been defeated by a railroad brakeman.

In this state of mind he turned to the business. There had been a constant succession of small alterations. Every time I come in I don't know my own store," he growled.

He greeted Denise unamiably and demanded certain expense accounts. She called through the wire partitions to Bryden and he brought the books Louis wanted to see.

The fat man's heavy finger marked an important streak down each page and he growled comments.

"Light bill doubled; too much help; why was Jake's wages raised? What's that? Bryden's wages raised \$10 a month. Say, what you trying to do, bankrupt me?" he demanded, turning to Denise.

"Kindly look at the other side of the balance sheet," she said. "Our sales have increased faster than expense. We are do-

ing more business and are making more money."

"You say you are, but are you? How do you know 'till the end of the year how much money you make?"

"I know every day," said Denise. "I allow a percentage based on past experience."

"Well, big sales don't mean big profits," he said, changing his point. "And I want this expense stopped. Cut down, I say, cut down."

"Look here, Louis, I'm running this business and I'll run it my way," said Denise. He rose, too, and shook his curly fist at her, roaring: "You'll run it the way I say or out you go."

Denise looked at the enraged Hammerschlag a moment.

"Louis," she said calmly, "we are equal partners here, but this cannot continue. I will either buy or sell. What do you say? He glared at her. "You'll buy or sell? You know I can't buy."

"Then you'll sell," she said with decision. "To Be Concluded in the Post-Dispatch Sunday."

At the Notion Counter.

He approached her boldly, yet with all the courtesy due a lady from gentlemen. "I need a pair of shoe laces," he said. Languidly extending her lily hand she snaked a bunch consisting of a dozen pair from its box on the counter, and dropped it before him, her great, glorious eyes gazing far away into space. What was he to her?

Humbly he took the bunch. "Will you sell me a single pair?" he asked. "I have only one pair of shoes, and—"

She drew herself up to her full stately height. "We never break a bunch," she answered, speaking as one in a dream. He saw no mercy in those misty eyes, no hope of compassion in that quietly attitudinal.

"I will take the goods," he said, "al-though—"

"Ten cents," she sighed, biting her cherry lip in pretty impatience. Oh, woman, woman, what a mystery thou art!—Newark (N. J.) Evening News.

A Foregone Conclusion.

"Are you sure your new book will be a success?"

"Absolutely sure. I have used the word 'obscure' 14 times, 'banal' 21 times, and the pages bristle with 'viewpoint' and 'strenuousness.' It can't help being a success."

Chicago Record-Herald.

THE POWER OF "THEY SAY."

By Nicola Greeley-Smith, Granddaughter of Horace Greeley.



Written for the Post-Dispatch.

In a little one-act play recently presented, a poor fellow, a worthy burglar saves a young married woman from eloping. The argument he adduces to win her from her resolution is not the most exalted in the world. He makes scant reference to broken vows, a blighted youth, a blighted home, or to any other of the inevitable results of those on the statute books.

He simply tells her that though she may go to the ends of the earth she can never get away from "they say."

And it must be admitted that he used the argument most likely to make the strongest feminine appeal.

"Most people are other people," says Oscar Wilde in his recently published "De Profundis." "Their thoughts are the opinions of others; their lives are a mimicry, their passions a quotation."

In this truth lies the power of "they say," which is undoubtedly the greatest and most preserving force in the world.

It is strange, isn't it, that though we may utterly despise Tom's opinion, laugh at Dick's and snap our fingers at Harry's, we are nevertheless, the force of their combined condemnation has power to send men into exile and women to their graves.

Of course, we should all have in our own conscience a higher court than the tribunal of public opinion, which constitutes "they say." But it is doubtful, nevertheless, if we were it not for the latter inferior institution, that anyone of our own delinquencies would ever come to trial. For we are apt to regard most of our actions as self-justifying in that too partial court.

City life is the only brake on this force, which may be truly called "the greatest thing in the world, since love and hate alike must bend before it. In a big place like New York people are apt to think that it does not matter what "they say," since you can move 10 blocks east or west,

or north or south, and get away from it. And yet it has been said repeatedly New York is better than the smallest Connecticut or New Jersey village, where people still accept the dictum that only the guilty can throw stones as an injunction to prove their own rectitude by heaving a boulder.

The force of "they say," however great it is, is of limited range. It does not touch either the very poor or the very rich, and these two classes therefore share the possibilities of greatest power for good or evil doing.

Darwin says that the highest form of human confidence is merely the evolution of this fear of "they say." However this may be, it is certainly the strongest and most universal force in the world, to which beggar and king alike are subject.

Hostilities.

Mrs. Smith: Politeness costs nothing. I am sure, my dear.

Smith: No, but if it was advertised at \$1.65, not many people would have it.

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